

COOK IS CONFIDENT BUT NOT BOASTFUL

Perfectly Willing to Abide by
Verdict on His Record By
Competent Judges.

GIVES SIGNED STATEMENT.

Great Reception Given Him as He
Landed on Native Shore—
Greeted by Family.



Boo-Hoo!

I WANT A PIECE OF BREAD MADE OF **MUSLER'S FLOUR**

static to the point of tumultuousness his welcome may be described as a neighborly affair, devoid of official significance.

GREETED BY HIS FAMILY.

New York, Sept. 21.—The steamer Oscar II left Dr. Frederick A. Cook's pole today, en route on board, reached Honolulu early this morning and is due to arrive in San Francisco to-morrow.

"What reply have you to make to Commander Peary's assertion that you did not reach the pole?" was the first question.

"None whatever. I will have nothing to say about Commander Peary's claim for until he returns to New York and is here to defend himself."

"What did you tell Harry Whitney?"

"I told him all about the pole."

"Did you give Whitney anything to bring back to America?"

"Yes; I gave him instruments—a sextant, a compass, and an artificial horizon. But Whitney will be here soon to tell me all about it."

"Is the pole any different from any other part of the earth?"

"Only by its astronomical observations and the fact that it's cold place when you get there."

The crowd about the club did not dwindle tonight, and the thousands who passed the street that there would be no further chance to meet Dr. Cook who was at the table with 42 picked friends.

At one moment he thought he saw his wife on a small tug. He raised his hat and waved it. Then he dashed down to the waist of the ship, where a temporary companionway had been rigged to permit him to descend to the tug bearing his wife. This, however, was a false alarm, and the explorer returned to the upper deck.

Dr. Cook lowered a signed statement in a pail to the Associated Press.

Soon afterwards came the tug bearing Mrs. Cook and her two daughters.

Dr. Cook clambered nimbly down the ladder and made a rush for his wife. For the moment he forgot his pride, which stood a few feet away, until his wife silently led him to them. Then, as he lifted his youngest daughter to his shoulder, the crowd that lined the rails of the Oscar II cheered loudly.

Had been arranged that the excursion steamer Grand Republic carry Dr. Cook's friend and son, John R. Bradley, his bride, should keep far enough in the background to give him a few moments of privacy with his family. But soon followed a second transfer from the tug to the Grand Republic. As Dr. Cook set foot aboard, Miss Ida Lohman, daughter of an old friend in Brooklyn, threw a wreath of roses about his neck. And as his wife and son greeted him, "gentleman of Bushwick," Bushwick is the name of Dr. Cook's home section of Brooklyn.

Dr. Cook looked at it. Brown, positive, patient, taciturn, he endures the business of being a hero with courtesy, but no enthusiasm.

"Are you going to stick by Dr. Cook?" Dr. Bradley was asked.

"Why, of course, what do you think?" he answered.

Mrs. Cook, at her husband's elbow, had her first taste of publicity she hitherto had shunned, and took it plaidly.

On shore the real, formidable part of the day Dr. Cook avoided him.

After the first rush of welcome aboard the Grand Republic he had been able to find comparative seclusion in the pilot house. From that vantage point he could see the streets of Brooklyn black with thousands, long files of automobiles ready, and he knew that a reception had been planned for him and that only a few hours remained.

As he stepped ashore it was noticeable that no representative of the nation, state or city was there to greet him. Bird S. Coler, president of the borough of Brooklyn, had welcomed him on the Grand Republic for that borough, but the city sent no official representative. But sincere and enthusiastic.

The trip was a triumphal one. The Grand Republic was greeted with the shrill shrieks of hundreds of craft. Dr. Cook stood on the deck, waving to the children a few steps away. He kissed his eldest daughter, then seized the younger one in his arms and raised her to his shoulders. At this the spectators broke out into cheers.

"Bravo, Cook!" "Welcome home! We're proud of you!" rang out across the water.

Their words, "For he's a jolly good fellow," were said by Dr. Cook's fellow passengers on the Oscar II as the tug left the ship's side.

The Oscar II immediately weighed anchor and continued up the river to her dock, and Dr. Cook was transferred to the Grand Republic. Cinematographs and cameras were turned on him from every point as he went on board and passed through a crowd of hundred of Forty-second Regiment to receive the greetings of the reception committee.

On board the Grand Republic Dr. Cook was greeted by the official reception committee and a wreath of roses was placed about his neck. Standing on the upper deck of the steamer, Dr. Cook addressed the committee and his friends briefly.

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